

# The News Scimitar

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## THIS GAIT IS TOO SWIFT

Masked bandits, armed to the limit, displaying their pistols and having the manner of those who are prepared to use force if necessary, in one night robbed the crew of a street car, a gasoline filling station and a Mr. Bowers' store, while culprits of lesser courage at the same time were smashing half a dozen windows on Main street and helping themselves to the merchandise thus exposed.

The bandits all operated openly and in two instances the scenes of their crimes were public places, while in each case there was brilliant light. The street car robbery was witnessed by passengers. Of course, Main street was lighted amply enough for the lower grade of thieves to discern what were the choicest wares to be had.

Some of the bandits were white and some were black. Some operated in groups, while one played a lone hand. All were successful in making good hauls of money, and, of course, escaped easily. These were only the major crimes of one night. There is no mention of the small affairs of the prowlers and sneak thieves, nor of the pickpockets.

This is a swift gait of crime. The present police organization should stop it, and if they fail to do so their successors should have an opportunity.

Memphis has been accustomed for very many years to police laxity as to the liquor laws. In the old days of lawful sale under legal restrictions the restrictions were obeyed only by two or three saloonists who wanted to do so, and the remainder did as they pleased, simply furnishing free drinks and cigars to the patrolmen and a moderate campaign fund to the head men at election times. But now that all liquor traffic is illegal, liquor is to be had by anyone who wants it badly enough, but at enormous prices and with the dealers paying enormous sums for protection. While the people have about concluded that the police are not going to try to stop the big syndicate shipments of liquor into Memphis, they have a right to demand that the police stop such carnivals of crime as are indicated by the armed bandits who rob at will.

## DOING FOR OTHERS

Never in the world's history has there been a time when the many were thinking so little about themselves and doing so much for others. The allied nations, representing civilization, are doing all in their power to bring political and economic salvation to the peoples of the world. The Methodist church is preparing to spend many millions to carry out the divine command to "preach the gospel to all nations," and thus bring their spiritual salvation. Other churches are doing likewise. The prohibitionists are preparing to launch a campaign, the purpose of which is to make the world sober and keep it so. The war has aroused people and made them earnest and aggressive. When people unite and are in real earnest they are irresistible. Obstacles, seemingly unconquerable, fade before them as the stars in heaven fade before the coming of the morning sun. The impossible becomes easy, casual. Making a bone-dry world is a titanic task, but a bone-dry America at one time seemed as impossible, and a bone-dry America is here. Whisky has no defender, and can find no advocate to accept a retainer and take its case. The most resourceful can find no argument in its favor, and the most "liberal minded" will admit—because they cannot deny—that most of the sins and sorrows, sufferings and shortcomings of humanity are directly traceable to it. Being universally condemned, there is no logical reason why it should not be universally extirpated. Nations unite in stamping out the bubonic plague, yellow fever and other pestilences, because they are injurious and deadly to the human race. Whisky occupies a place in the same category.

America is doing much for the world, and destined to do much more, and it would be fine if this young nation, out of its strength and abundance, should return and rescue the older countries, its half-brothers, from the clutches of a monster out of which it has had the power and the will to escape. Europe knows the evils of whisky as well as we do, and has suffered from them quite as much, because they practiced poisoning the poison over there before we did, and on a larger scale. Tennyson was not an extremist, nor given to painting caricatures, and calling them pictures, and he writes in "Maud":

"And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,  
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trodden wife.  
While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

"When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,  
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,  
Is it peace or war? Better war! Loud war by land sea;  
War with a thousand battles and shaking a hundred thrones."

Dickens often tells of the effects of vitriol-poisoned whisky, and he knew, if anyone did. England has suffered and other countries have suffered, and they have had their war and are now ready for another against a greater foe than Prussianism. This war is going to be fought by the allied hosts of temperance and virtue, and we should be proud to know that the forces for this war are being recruited, financed and munitioned in this country. We are the real potential evangelists of the new dispensation. We are doing for others, and our work is cut out for us. A great work, a tremendous work, but not beyond our strength. America will carry the light to those who sit in darkness.

Gen. A. H. Garland was much of a sage and sounded years ago the keynote for Southern agriculture when he named his home Hominy Hill, and always had the hog as an accompaniment.

Beautiful sunshine and just the right temperature for man and mule to start hardening from a winter's ease to a spring, summer and fall of cultivation and gathering of bumper crops.

Poor Kansas! What an affliction it has in such small caliber men as Allen. The broad, fertile acres of the Kaw, the Blue and the Marie de Cygne ought to develop broader visions.

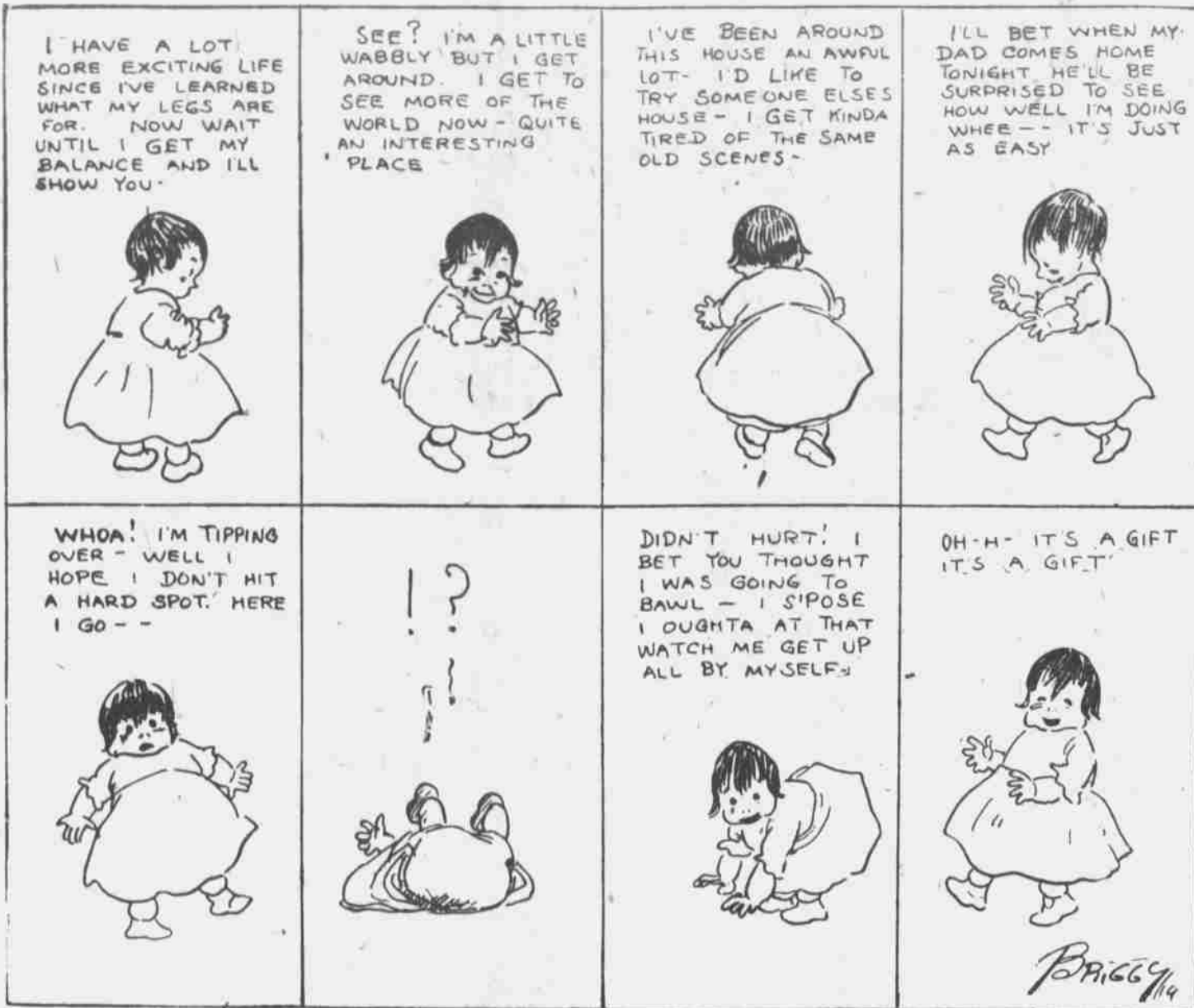
Thanks to the bandits for transferring the scene of their activities, even for a night, to the west side of the river.

Have you stored away your summer's supply of cheap gasoline?

And the greens are really green for the golfers these days.

## Wonder What a Year-Old Baby Thinks About—By Briggs

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## DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,  
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

OLD WIVES FOR NEW.

A man, who is 65 years old, writes me that he has fallen in love with a beautiful young girl, and he wishes to marry her, but there is a difficulty in the way. He is already married, and he has no legal excuse for divorcing his faithful and devoted old wife.

"My wife is a good woman," he says, "and she has been a great help to me in making my fortune as we were poor when we started out, and it was to her thrift, industry and good business judgment that I owe much of my success. I do not forget this, and I am willing to make a good settlement on her if she will only get out of the way and let me marry this young girl. She refuses to do this, and I think it very selfish of her as she is old and rheumatic and no longer attracts or interests me."

No, gentle reader, I am not making up the letter I have just quoted. It is a real, genuine, bona fide communication I have received from a man who wants to know how to go about swapping old wives for new.

He thinks his wife is selfish because she refuses to go out and commit suicide in some quiet place in order to give him a little pleasure. He thinks his wife is selfish, because in order to gratify him, she has been willing to step down and out, and turn over to another woman all that she has spent her life toiling for, and hoping for and planning for.

As the husband says, they were a poor young couple when they were married. There were years and years in which the woman got up in the cold grey dawn to cook her husband's breakfast, and set up after he had gone to bed mending, patching, washing and pressing his clothes so that he might present a good appearance at business. There were years and years in which she toiled, scrimped and saved, and in that bitter labor and economy it was to reward a lifetime of faithful devotion and loyal service by breaking a woman's heart and shaming her before the world.

The only thing that appeals to such a man is something that touches his own welfare, and one can say truly to him when he trades off his old wife for a young wife. Life takes its own revenge, and in every such case the time comes when the old husband suffers every pang of jealousy, and knows every anguish of neglect, and shame that he has made his old wife suffer. Look at the old husbands, gray

haired, paunchy, heavy eyes, tired and worn, that you see forlornly gathered together in the corners of ball rooms, watching their beautiful young wives dancing away the hours in the arms of slim young chaps! Look at the forlorn old husbands stumbling along on their gouty feet in the wake of radiant young wives, knowing that they are nothing on earth but carriers of the check book, and lord high executioners of millinery bills!

Recall the old man that you have seen about fine country homes, less regarded than the butler, whose sole function it was to furnish food, drink, cigars and motors for the horde of young men with whom the beautiful young mistress of the establishment flirted, played tennis, two-stepped and otherwise diverted herself.

There was no happiness there, no companionship, nothing in common, nothing but the buyer and his bargain, with the bargain trying to collect the last penny of the price for which she had sold herself.

The man of 65 may fool himself into thinking he is still young. He may even keep up the fiction of his youth until he gets rid of his old wife and marries the young one, but when his camouflage is brought into contact with actual youth he will find out quickly enough the real truth. He is old.

He finds that he cannot go the pace of youth; that he has no longer the tastes of youth. His old bones cry aloud for rest when the day's work is over. They want to be cosseted with the flannel rheumatism liniments and being dragged around to places of amusement. Yet he must keep up with the young wife, or let her go alone, and whether it is better to endure the pangs of grief, or the suspicion of what she is doing when he is not there to watch her. Heaven alone knows.

And he also finds that there is no real companionship between 25 and 65. He is no little tin god as he was to the old wife, but he is a fossil. They have nothing to talk about, and so he comes to curse the day when he traded off his old wife for the young one, and whom he had every memory in common, and whose love and devotion was as faithful as that of a dog.

It's a bad business trading off old wives for new, and the man invariably gets the worst of the bargain. (Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

## SHE KNEW.

Princess Patricia recently related with much gusto the story of an amusing incident which occurred at a certain society function she attended. It was what is called a "hook tea," at which each lady guest is required to wear pinned on her dress something to represent the title of some fairly well-known book.

One lady (said Princess Patricia) puzzled everybody. She wore, pinned on her bodice, a photograph of her husband.

No one could guess the name of the book she intended the portrait to represent, but after they had all given it up, she told them: "Life's handicap!"



## On the Spur of the Moment

by Roy K. Moulton.

### SATISFIED.

When'er I read about the folks who are submerged in wealth, I always notice that they are Not in the best of health. The people who acquire much fame In following politics Seem to be spending all their time In dodging mud and bricks. Trouble comes along with fame; 'Tis perilous to be great. While others ride on the express I'll travel on by freight. Lives of great men don't appeal To me, I will confess; I'd rather be a common boob And have some happiness.

We have not yet reached the point where one feels like falling on a fat German neck and weeping.

Some people have queer ambitions. Now, there is Joe Tumulty, for instance, a perfectly level-headed man. He wants to be governor of New Jersey.

### THE MANHATTAN PRODIGAL.

BACK TO BROADWAY IN TWO PARTS.

—Movie Sign.

A staff officer of the American army is quoted as having said, in a speech in Boston, that all the United States got out of the war was prohibition and influenza. There is, however, the consolation that influenza was not made a permanent institution by writing it into the constitution.

Sometimes we sort of allow ourselves a respectful wish that Woodrow would sit down and smoke a corn-cob pipe or a good 6-cent cigar once in a while.

### ELBERT IS STILL WITH US.

"In addition to its other troubles incidental to July 1," writes Elbert Severance to the Emporia Gazette, "New York faces the necessity of erecting three war memorials to take the places of the Arras cafe, the Marne cafe and the Verdun bar. Every time the allies won a victory during the war someone celebrated by opening a new saloon."

Appropos the Denver physician's statement that a sip of lemon before kissing will render the germs harmless, Miss Anna Carlson has an idea that if lemons or vinegar will sterilize a kiss there are lots of kisses that are already germ-proof.

Statistics show there are 8,000,000 illiterates in this country. They are probably the unfortunate few who do not read this column.

A Topeka woman is giving this week-end to what she calls a Garden of Eden party, as every woman she invited called up and said she'd come, although "she hadn't a thing to wear."

## Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

BY K.C.B.

FOR A couple of nights. I WAS nervous. AND DIDN'T sleep well. AND MY wife said. I SHOULD ask the house doctor. WHAT WAS the matter. AND IF I'd telephone. AND HED come to our room. I'D HAVE to pay him. SO INSTEAD of that. I SAT in the lobby. TILL HE came in. AND WE shook hands. AND HAD a visit. AND WHILE we visited. I REMARKED casually. THAT I wasn't sleeping. AND HE asked me questions. ABOUT WHAT I ate. AND WHAT I smoked. AND WHAT I drank. AND THEN I told him. I SMOKED all the time. AND DRANK coffee. AT NOON and night. AND HE suggested. THAT FOR a little while. I CUT out coffee. AND QUIT smoking. AND I said I would. AND I did. AND HAD an awful time. FOR A couple of days. AND THE third day. ON MY way to lunch. DOWN IN the grill. I MET the doctor. ON HIS way to lunch. AND HE asked me with him. AND I went. AND WHEN I ordered. I ORDERED tea. AND THE doctor said. TO MAKE it weak. AND THEN he ordered. AND HE ordered coffee. AND I didn't say anything. I JUST sat there. AND WATCHED the doctor. WALLOW IN coffee. HE DRANK three cups. AND THE way I felt. I COULD have jammed his face. RIGHT INTO the cup. AND AFTER lunch. WE SAT in the lobby. AND I couldn't smoke. AND THE doctor did. HE HAD a big cigar. AND HE loved it. AND NEARLY gassed me.

BLOWING THE smoke. ALL AROUND the place. AND IT'S all right. A DOCTOR'S a doctor. AND A patient's a patient. AND IF they like suicide. IT'S THEIR business. BUT THEY ought to let us do it. IF WE want to. IF IT was a lawyer. HED FIX it up. SO I could break the rules. AND STILL live.



I THANK you.

## THEATERS.

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